

Call Given Smith Military In Midway

654-4043

Locations
of Soldiers
in Wasatch
Co

Locations

~~Separate Bks~~ Soldier Hollow (in Charleston)

In Midway Town

By River by Jack Buehler

No River Road by Ike Baums (2nd Natl Guard)
Gen Wageland

Locations in Strawberry River near Mill B = Connor
along Strawberry River near Windy Ridge
on Hiway 40 at Soldier Creek

Lower Wasatch Co @ Grassy Summit

Aka Soldier Summit

Three Timpanogas Valley - HBUM
sold goods, wagons & Horses in Heber City

At Nailstone + Jordanelle @ Foot of Flag Butte

Connor Bivouac

Spanish Era

11 Cannon - Lowell

Some Dreams Die p

Gold Bars

Lost Rhoades Mine

be baptized immediately after they became eight years of age. Mary, called Marie, became eight in January, so a hole large enough for her baptism was broken through the ice in Parley's Creek. It was a fine day for this important event when Bines and George became eight for their birthdays were in June and August. Joseph's came in May, and the creek was so high at the time, that he was baptized in a place near the barn where the water had overflowed. Elizabeth Ann's birthday was in December; and James, the youngest son, had his birthday in September, so he fared much better than his sister.

Many happy memories are associated with this old homestead in Mountain Dell and it is one of our happiest experiences when we drive through this beautiful canyon to the scenes of our childhood.

—Catherine Dixon

Home Life—My earliest remembrance of *Mountain Dell* is that of spending Christmas in the log house where my uncle, William B. Hardy, lived with his family in the former home of Grandfather Leonard Wilford Hardy. Then I remember the two-story frame house which my father built just below the old log home. Our permanent home was in the city, but we always spent most of the summer months in the canyon. Sometimes we left the city before daybreak so that we could be in the canyon before sunrise. Our route took us by way of the penitentiary, past the old brewery, and then to the old ice house where we often stopped for a large piece of ice to make ice cream when we reached our destination.

Now, we were watching for each succeeding exciting scene, and it was not long until we were in the shadows of Suicide Rock, so high and frightening to us children. We were always eager to hear the Indian legend connected with the rock. On, into the cool and lovely depths of the canyon, trotted the horses. Soon, on our left, the Old Woman and the Owl, then the Shoe, queer sandstone formations, that were greeted with shouts of delight from the children. When the sun was high and warm, delicately tinted sand lilies bloomed abundantly on the hillsides along with a wide variety of other wild-flower species. Father usually allowed us children to get out of the light spring wagon and gather bouquets to adorn the house or tent, whichever we were to use. On our right was the snail hill where shells were innumerable. I remember the canyon where the old Danishman lived; then Eagle Rock, where we could see the nests made of sticks, almost at the top of the high, rocky mountain. The can-

hours roaming on its eastern slopes gathering berries.

A few more rods, a turn to the right, and this road leading up to Parley's and on our left Dell. The Hardy home was now a stone's throw.

The Hardy's owned a field in the upper farm. It was made into a summer resort. Laid with railings around and one end covered with frame, made temporary homes. These places were and were some distance apart. The resort was among those who stayed at the resort were the Young, George, John, and Charles Felt, Dr. Young families. We had a four-room cottage others and nearer the railroad. I remember above our place. The men came up on the evening to Salt Lake City the next morning, on the same from Park City.

Next to father's house, down near the fork which my grandfather used, and where my uncle his family lived. The next house up the canyon Taylor home, then that of the Richard Winnill of the road, the Bines Dixon home. Still higher and up on the hill, was the Edward Laird farm was one and one-half stories and was built of homes were on the north side of the creek and gardens, barns and corrals. Farming land was at a higher elevation. There was also some farm side of the road which followed the north bank of the canyon.

The log meetinghouse was on the left hand far above the forks. It stood on a hillside surrounded and plenty of rocks. The front, and only door rear wall was without openings but there were small panes of glass, in each side wall, with raised during warm weather while Sunday meetings were taking place. There was a railing of the room, reaching from wall to wall, where sat. I do not remember ever seeing an organ started the singing and everyone used a small book contained the words of many songs but had no music.